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TROUBLED WITH THE NIGHTMARE.

A TALE OF NEW YORK.

OLD HANS VON SPIEGLEFORT, a real, genuine descendant of the Knickerbocker breed of Dutchmen, lived, some years ago, in an old gabled-end house, of the color of the last century, and a "stoop" which was stooping under the weight of years and a decayed balustrade, somewhere in the vicinity of the East River. The house, whatever may have been its imperfections, was the exact beau ideal of a house, to Hans Von Spieglefort. He was born there—and so were his father and his grandfather before him; and the old cabbage-patch at the back of the premises, and running up to the road on either side, had supplied Hans and his ancestry for several generations with the material for the manufacture of that most delicious of all Dutch luxuries, sour krout. The city, year after year, like a great snail, but forth its feelers, and crawled gradually, up the river, much to the dismay of Mynheer Von Spieglefort, who, like all true Dutchmen, had an inveterate repugnance to Yankee innovation upon the quiet of the ancient settlement of New Amsterdam. The city, however, continued its approaches; block after block of spacious and elegant edifices rose, from summer to summer, nearer and nearer to the brown old home of Mynheer Von Spieglefort, until he actually began to look round him with dismay, for the safety—nay, perhaps the very existence—of his beloved cabbage-patch.

At length, what the old man had so long dreaded, actually came to pass. At that time, the house of Longreach, Bubble & Co., were the most extensive city builders in the Union. Besides several magnificent towns and cities situated on the Missouri and Platte rivers, connected together by "uninterrupted lines of railroad communication," this famous house was rapidly cutting up the whole country round New York into building lots, and selling it off at several hundred dollars the foot. At length the old dilapidated mansion and ever-blooming cabbage-patch of Mynheer Von Spieglefort stood in the way of this worthy and enterprising firm, and the old man was waited upon by Mr. Bubble in person, and tempted with an offer for his premises, which it was confidently anticipated, would overwhelm the old Dutchman with astonishment and delight.

To the infinite surprise, however, of Mr. Bubble, Mynheer Von Spieglefort appeared to have formed no definite idea of the value of money, although his notions of the worth of his old house and cabbage-patch seemed to be extravagant enough.

In short, notwithstanding that the puzzled Mr. Bubble, in his mildest and most amiable manner, offered to double the amount of purchase money at first proposed; (for Mr. Bubble was a very influential director in a bank which made money a great deal faster than the mint,) yet not the slightest effect was produced upon the obdurate old Dutchman. To everything that was said, his reply was, invariably—

"Sour krout ish goot—mine kabbliches ish goot—

mine house ish goot—what for musht I sell 'em den? Ya, ya—ich forstauns!"

Completely discomfited, the great speculator took his leave; and it was with no very moderate degree of vexation that he informed his partners that one of their most promising and profitable enterprizes was brought to a sudden and permanent stand still by the obstinacy of an old Dutchman with his cabbage-patch.

What was to be done?

"If you would allow me, sir," said Job Thompson, the confidential clerk of the firm, looking up from his enormous ledger, in which he seemed to be busied, "I think I could manage to dislodge the enemy, and take possession of his works. I am acquainted with several young persons in the city," continued Job, "who occasionally go on a *bender*, as they call it—and of which I assure you I know nothing."

"Oh, we believe that, Job!" exclaimed Longreach and Bubble, with a laugh. "Never mind your gammon, just now—go on with the sour krout."

"Well then, sir," continued Job, "these persons of whom I speak, are in the habit of occasionally playing their pranks upon old Von Spieglefort, who is as superstitious as a Turk, and as cowardly as an old woman. Leave him to me, gentle—or rather, (correcting himself with a blush,) to my wild young friends; and I promise you he will come to your own terms within the week."

"Well, Job," said Mr. Bubble; "I offered the old fellow eight thousand dollars for his whole establishment, cabbage-patch and all; and if you can frighten him into evacuating for a smaller sum, you shall have the surplus."

We have no disposition to go into a detail of all the devices by which, every night for a week following the conversation reported above, the very life and soul of old Hans Von Spieglefort, as it were, were frightened out of him. At one time, he had no sooner got comfortably into bed, than his ears were assailed by the most unearthly and fearful noises, as if a legion of gibbering fiends had been let loose to torment him; at another, his bed seemed to have been sown with fire, and he rolled and tumbled in agony from night until morning. In fact, the life of this peaceful and inoffensive old Dutchman had suddenly become a terror and a burden; but he still held stoutly to his cabbage-patch.

The crowning act of the tormenting devils who were set to afflict poor old Mynheer Von Spieglefort, came off on Friday night of the week of purgatory he was enduring. The night was excessively dark; and, about eleven o'clock, poor Mynheer had retired peacefully to bed, and, for a wonder, had been permitted to fall asleep without any of his usual diabolical interruptions. Suddenly, however, he was aroused from "the first sweet sleep of night," as Shelley so beautifully phrases it, by a tremendous thundering at the street door, accompanied by such a noise between a whistle and a groan, as made his hair fairly stand on end with terror.

Scarcely knowing what he did, he hastily lighted his candle, and seizing a loaded blunderbuss which he always kept ready by the side of his bed, hurried to the door, where the knocking still continued, though in a singular and irregular fashion. Pulling open the door, which seemed to be withheld by some one from without, and shading the light with his hand, Mynheer Von Spieglefort looked up, and found himself face to face with what he in good sooth supposed to be the old horned devil himself.

"Ach! mein Gott!" groaned the old man, as he fell senseless on the door step.

"Ach-phem! ach-ch-h!" was solemnly re-echoed by the creature which had been transformed into the shape of "*der tuyfel*" by the unlucky Hans Von Spieglefort, as half-a-dozen graceless sparks, with Job Thompson at their head, exploded in a loud laugh, and disappeared round the corner.

That night the old man must have suffered dreadfully. He looked quite haggard and wobegone, the next day, as he sneaked into the office of Messrs. Longreach, Bubble & Co., and offered to sell his house and cabbage-patch for the price which had been offered him by Mr. Bubble. By the merest accident in the world, Job Thompson was the only person in the counting-room; and, after a score or two of falsehoods, the poor, frightened old man gladly agreed to take six thousand dollars for his premises, instead of eight, and Job closed the bargain at once, chuckling at the profits which were to go into his pockets, as the result of this most reprehensible practizing upon the foolish fear of a weak old man.

THE WRECKERS OF ST. AGNES.

There are few parts of England more wild and desolate than the mining districts of Cornwall. Nature, as a counterpoise to the treasures which she has lavished on this region of her beauty, has imparted to its features a most forbidding aspect. Bleak and barren plains, unenlivened by vegetation, with neither tree nor shrub to protect the traveler from the wind that sweeps across their surface, and danger in every step, from the innumerable shafts by which they are intersected.

It is truly an inhospitable country: and the nature of the inhabitants seems quite in accordance with its unfriendly characteristics—repulsive and ungainly in appearance, disgusting and ferocious in manner, cruel by nature, and treacherously cunning. Not a step have they gained from the barbarous state of their savage ancestors. I allude more particularly to the town and district of St. Agnes, near Truro, and its people. St. Agnes is a small place, situated on the coast of Cornwall, about ten miles from Truro, across one of those sterile plains, almost covered with the refuse of mines, and perforated in every direction, like a gigantic rabbit-warren. The road, so called, through this waste, is little better than a track, which it would be difficult and dangerous to traverse, without a guide. Many a wanderer has found a nameless grave, by venturing rashly across those dreary moors.

It was late in the autumn when I visited St. Agnes, and it was toward the close of a gloomy day that I found myself at the residence of Captain Thomas, so I shall call him, whose acquaintance I had made in London, and who had succeeded in persuading me, that the only sure way to make a fortune was, by investing

a trifle of ready money in a copper-mine. He held the rank of captain by the custom of the country, as a mine is conducted, like a ship, by a captain and officers. The Captain was rather a decent specimen of his caste; for, where all are combinations of the miner, smuggler, wrecker, and, consequently, ruffian, a man even of decent manners is something. He had one fault, however, which I afterwards discovered:—he would have considered it a most meritorious employment, to have robbed even his own father, rather than not to have robbed at all.

Our repast being over, and I, like a witless booby, having invested my bank-notes in his pouch, in exchange for certain bits of paper he was pleased to call shares; and having received from him, in addition to such valuable considerations, the most flattering congratulations on the prospect of immediate wealth, he proposed an adjournment to the "*Red Dragon*," or red something; I almost forget it is so long since: where he assured me I should meet a most respectable society, and where I might pick up much valuable information. They were all particular friends of his—captains and pursuers of mines.

It was a dismal night. When we sailed out, a thick mist was gathering around: the sea was breaking against the huge rocky cliffs of the adjacent coast, with a deafening roar; and at intervals was heard the distant thunder. It was with no uncomfortable feeling, that I felt myself safely housed at the rendezvous of the choice spirits of the mines.

The party to which I was introduced was seated at a long deal table, in a spacious apartment, half kitchen, half tap-room; at the upper end of which appeared a blazing fire, beneath a chimney-porch of a most ancient and approved formation. On one side of the room, a door opened into a small parlor, and in the corner was a little bar, for the host to dispense to his customers their various potations from his smuggled treasures. For, although it was not a trifle of Schidam or Cogniac that would satisfy these congregated worthies, I question whether the king could afford to pay the salaries of the commissioners of exercise, if the greater portion of his lieges were not more considerate customers than our friends of the "*Red Dragon*."

The arrival of Captain Thomas was hailed with mated satisfaction. We were soon seated, and in a twinkling a large tumbler of hot brandy and water was placed before me, and a pipe thrust into my hand. The conversation, which was rather loud when we entered, was now suddenly hushed, and intelligent glances were quickly interchanged, which I saw related to myself. Thomas understood it, and said, "You need not be afraid; that gentleman is a particular friend of mine, and a great patron of the mining arts."

I then begged to assure the company of my veneration for miners and mines, and all connected with them. There was a visible brightening up at this declaration, and doubtless at that moment various were the plans of swindling and rascality which shot through the stolid brains of that pleasant coterie to put my devotedness to the proof.

"A likely night this, Captain Thomas," said a beetle-browed, shock headed, short, muscular man, whose small dark eyes peered from beneath a brow of peculiar ferocity.

"Uncommon likely!" returned the other, "and if we should have a bit of luck to-night, it would not be a bad beginning this winter."

"Ah!" said the former, who answered to the name of Knox, "my wife says she thinks Providence has deserted our coast; we haven't had a godsend worth telling about these two years. I've seen the time when we've had the matter of a dozen wracks in a season."

"Well, never mind, Master Knox," said a pert-looking, snub-nosed fellow, named Roberts, who I at first glance took for an attorney, but a terwards found he was a mining-agent. From his more constant intercourse with Truro, he was rather better dressed than some of his companions; but his town breeding gave him no other advantage than a concealed saucy air. "Never mind, Master Knox," said he, jingling a bunch of seals which peeped from beneath the waistcoat of that worthy, "you have made the most of your luck, and if you don't get any more you won't harm."

"Why, yes," said the fellow, drawing out a handsome gold watch, which accorded curiously with his coarse attire. "I don't complain of the past; and yet I had a narrow escape with this; if it hadn't been for my boy Jem, I should have lost it."

"He's a cute child, that boy of yours," remarked one.

"There never was a 'cutter. I'll tell you, sir," said he, addressing me. "It's two years ago come December, on a Sunday, when we were all in church, that we had news of a wrack. Well, off we all started you may be sure, and the parson not the last, to see what it had pleased God to send us. We found on coming up, that it was a French Indiaman. She had gone to pieces off the rocks, and the goods were floating about like dirt. I wasn't long in making the most of it; and Jem was just going off for the cart, when I spied, half covered with weed, and hidden by a piece of rock, the body of a Frenchman. I soon saw I had got a prize, for he was loaded with money and trinkets. These I quickly eased him of, seeing as he'd never want 'em; but to make sure, I hit 'un a good slap over the head, just to see whether the life was in 'un or no." [Here one or two of the auditors grinned.] "Well I was just going away, when I see'd a diamond ring on his finger, and the finger being swelled with the water, I cuts it off, [displaying at the same time a knife of rather formidable proportions,] and walks off with my goods. I hadn't gone far, when little Jem runs after, crying, 'Dad, dad! hit 'un agin, dad! he grin'th, he grin'th!' I looked back, and sure enough that rascally French thief—whether it was drawing blood or not, I don't know—but he was moving his arm about, and opening his eyes, as though he were bent on taking the bread out of my mouth. This put me in a precious rage—these Frenchmen are always a spiteful set, and hate Englishmen as they hate the devil. So I makes no more ado, but I hits 'un a lick with the tail of a rudder laying close by, and I'll warrant me he never come to ask for my goods."

The miscreant chuckled over the howid recital with all the self-satisfaction that another might feel at the recollection of a virtuous action; while his companions, to whom no doubt the story was familiar, felt no other sensations of uneasiness at its recapitulation than from the recollection that they had not been able to do the same thing. Knox was evidently the ruffian *par excellence*. I beheld others around me, the expression of whose countenance would have hung them at any bar in England without any other evidence; yet none ventured to boast of crime; Knox was the only open professor of villany, and seemed to claim his right

of pre-eminence. I have been in many parts of the world, and have encountered ruffians of every country and grade; but never before did I have the fortune to hear depravity, and of such a revolting character, so freely confessed, so unblushingly avowed.

"Well, Knox," said Thomas, after a short pause, "so you have seen Hibber Shear. How's poor Bill Trecuddick?"

Knox placed his finger significantly on his cheek.

"How," said the other, "dead!"

"Dead as a mackerel," returned Knox; "you know I was in it, and a sharp brush we had. Poor Bill had three balls in him; he died the same night." A universal expression of sympathy followed this announcement, and various were the questions put by different individuals as to the details of his death. It appeared that he was killed in an engagement with a revenue cruiser.

"He was as likely a lad that ever run a cargo," said Thomas; "where did you bury him?"

"Alongside of the gunger, I s'pose," said Roberts, who ventured a sidelong glance of malicious meaning, though apparently half doubtful of the consequences. I never saw so speedy a change in any human being as that remark produced in Knox. In an instant his brow became as black as the storm which now raged with appalling violence from without.

"What hast thou to do with that, thou pert, meddling coxcomb?" said he, as he fixed his black eyes, almost concealed by their overhanging brows, on the object of his wrath. "Now mark me, Master Roberts; play off no more of thy jokes on me. This is not the first time I have warned thee; but it shall be the last."

I learned afterwards that the gunger alluded to was Knox's half-brother, who was supposed to have met with his death by the hands of his relation, and his body flung down a shaft near the sen, now known by the name of the Gunger's Shaft. What confirmed the suspicion was, that he was known to have frightful dreams about his murdered brother, and some said that he was known to tremble like a child if left alone at night. Be that as it might, however, a ferocious altercation was now proceeding between Knox and a friend of Roberts, who had replied to the other's threats, which appeared likely to proceed to serious consequences, had not the attention of all parties been diverted by a loud and continued knocking at the door. This seemed so unusual an occurrence that the host hesitated to unbar, for never was a stranger known to arrive at St. Agnes at such an hour, and on such a night too; for we heard the rain descend in torrents, and the thunder howling at intervals.

The knocking continued vehemently, and although we were too many to fear anything like personal danger, yet I could see an evident though undefinable fear spreading throughout the party, sufficiently expressed by their anxious glances. In no one was such an expression more visible than in Knox. It was the result of some superstitious feeling, which the conversation of the night, and the awful storm now raging about them, had called into play.

The knocking was now fiercer than ever, and the host was at last constrained to unbolt and unbar; the guest, whoever he was, would take no denial. As the door opened, in stalked a tall, weather beaten looking man, enveloped in a huge shaggy great coat, and a broad oil skin hat on his head.

"What the devil dost thee mean by this?" he said,

dashing his hat upon the floor, and shaking the rain from his coat like a huge water-dog—“keeping a traveler outside your gates on such a night!” At this moment, during a lull in the storm, was heard a heavy booming sound from the sea.

“A wrack! a wrack!” shout Knox; and instantly a dozen fellows were on their legs ready to rush forth like thirsty bloodhounds on their prey. “Keep your places, you fools!” cried the stranger, “if she goes ashore, it will be many miles from here, with the wind in this quarter.” They all seemed to acknowledge the justice of the remark, by sulkily resuming their places. “I’ve heard the guns some time,” continued the stranger, “but she has good offing yet, and she may manage to keep off. I’d lay my life she is a foreign craft, they’re always in such a plaguey hurry to sing out.” The company had leisure by this time to seat themselves and resume their pipes. They likewise, seeing he was no ghost, took the liberty of scanning their guest. He was not very remarkable further than being a tall muscular man with short curling black hair, immense bushy whiskers, meeting under his chin, and large black eyes. Altogether, it was not an unpleasant countenance. He did not apologize for his intrusion, but called at once for his pipe and his glass.

“Did you come from Truro side?” asked Knox. The stranger took a huge whiff, and nodded assent.

“Who might have brought you across the moors?”

“Dost thou think no one can tread the moors but thyself and the louts of St. Agnes?”

“None that I ever heard of except Beelzebub,” said Knox, peeping from beneath his brows suspiciously on the new comer.

The stranger laughed.

“The path is dangerous by night,” said Thomas; “few strangers find the way alone.”

“Then I am one of the few, for here I am,” said he.

“I’ve lived here man and boy these forty years,” said Knox, “and I never knew a stranger do that before. And thou must be a stranger, for I’ve never seen thee.”

“Art sure of that?”—Knox scanned him attentively.

“I never saw thee before?”

“You see then a stranger can find his way in these parts. I came by the guager’s shaft. Thou know’st the guager’s shaft,” said he significantly.

“Hell!” said the other furiously, “dost thou come here to mock me? If thou dost thou’st better return afore harm comes of thee.”

“Thou’rt a strong man,” said his opponent; “but I’m so much a stronger, that I would hold thee with one arm on yonder fire till thou wert as black as thy own black heart. Come, thou need’st not frown on me man, if thou hast a spark of courage I’ll put it now to the test.”

“Courage! I fear neither thee nor Beelzebub!”

“I’ll wager thee this heavy purse of French *louis* *d’ors* against that watch and ring that befits thy finger so oddly, that thou durst not go into yonder room alone, and look on the face that shall meet thee there.”

“Thou’rt a juggler and a cheat—I’ll have nothing further to say to thee.”

“There’s my gold,” said he, throwing a heavy purse on the table; look at it; count it; a hundred as bright *louis* as ever was coined in France, against thy watch and ring, not worth the half.” The eyes of the wreck-

er glistened at the bright heap of gold. “What is the wager?” he demanded.

“If thou durst go into yonder room, that I will raise the form of one whom thou wouldst most dread to see.”

“I fear nothing, and believe thee to be a cheat.”

“There’s my gold.”

“Take the wager!” cried several of Knox’s friends; “we’ll see thou hast the gold.”

“Done!” cried Knox, with a sort of desperate resolve, which the cheers of his friends and the sight of the gold helped him to assume; and he placed the ring and watch on the heap of *louis*.

“I must have arms and lights.”

“Take them,” said the stranger: “but before you go, I will show you a portion of your property you have never discovered.” He took up the ring and touching the inside with the point of a pin, a small aperture flew open, and disclosed a small space filled with hair. It was not till that moment it was discovered that the stranger had lost the little finger of the left hand! For a moment all was as still as the grave. A frightful feeling seemed to pervade the breast of every one around. It was as though the murdered stood before them to claim his own! The stranger broke into a loud laugh. “What the devil ails you all? are you afraid of a man without a finger!” and his laughter was louder than before.

“I’ll not go into the room,” said Knox, in a low broken voice.

“Then the watch and ring are mine,” said the stranger. “You have forfeited the wager;” and he began to fill the bag with the coin.

“It’s a base juggle to rob me of my property,” cried Knox, whose courage returned as he witnessed the unghostlike manner in which the stranger fingered the money.

“Keep to your wager,” cried Thomas, “we’ll see you rightely dealt with. He can no more do what he says, than rise the prince of darkness himself.”

“Will you stand to your bargain?” asked the stranger.

“I will; and defy the devil and all his works.” He took a candle and a loaded pistol, and went towards the room. If ever the agony of a life were condensed into the short space of a few minutes, that was the time. Ruffian as he was, he was a pitiable object. Pale and trembling, without making an effort to conceal his distress, he paused and turned irresolute even at the threshold of the door. Shame and avarice urged him on. He entered the room and closed the door.

If I say that I looked on as a calm spectator of these proceedings, I should say falsely. I began to grow nervous, and was infected with the superstitious feeling which had evidently taken possession of my companions. The only unconcerned person was the stranger; at least, he was apparently so. He very coolly tied up the money, watch, and ring, in the bag, and placed them on the table. He then took two pieces of paper, and wrote some characters on both: one he handed to Thomas: it was marked with the name of the guager: the other he kept himself. He advanced to the fire, which was blazing brightly, and, muttering a few words, threw into it a small leaden packet, and retired at the same moment to the end of the room. The flames had hardly time to meet the thin sheet-lead, ere our ears were greeted with the most terrific and appalling explosion that I ever in my life heard, and

as though the elements were in unison, a deafening thunder crash shook the house to its very foundation. Every man was thrown violently to the ground; the chairs and tables tumbled about, as though imbued with life; every door was burst open by the shock, and hardly a pane of glass remained entire. This, with the screams of the women, and the groans of the men, if any one could withstand, without actual terror taking possession of his heart, he must be a bolder man than I was. For several minutes (for so it appeared to me) did we lie on the floor in this state, expecting, momentarily, the house to fall over us in ruins. All was, however, silent as death, except the pealing of the thunder and the roaring of the storm; so that, when the sense of suffocation was somewhat removed by the fresh air forcing through the open doors and windows, we ventured to hall each other.

It was some time, however, before we could get a light; and that accomplished, our first care was to look to our friend in the back parlor. We found him lying on his face, quite insensible, and bleeding from a wound in the head, which he must have received in falling. We brought him into the large room; and after a time, when people could be brought to their senses, we procured restoratives. I never shall forget the wild and ghastly look with which he first gazed around him. He looked around as though seeking some horrid object. "It's gone," he cried; "thank God!—what a horrid sight!—who saw it?" "Saw what?" "who?" asked Thomas. "Just as bloody and ghastly, as when I pitched him down the shaft," cried he incoherently.

"Hush! hush!" said Thomas; "collect yourself—you don't know what you're talking of."—"Who says I murdered him?" cried the miserable being before us. "Who says I got his money? He's a liar, I say—a liar. His money is sunk with him. Let 'em hang me—I am innocent. They cannot prove it." It became too distressing. Fortunately for the feelings of all, the unhappy man, or rather maniac, relapsed into insensibility, and in that state was conveyed home.

It was not till then that we thought of the stranger. No trace of him could be found. The money, ring, and watch, had disappeared.

Strange were the rumors abroad the next day at St. Agnes. Some men going very early to work, averred they saw a horseman flying over the moors, crossing shafts and pits, without once staying to pick his way. It could have been no human horseman, nor steed, that could have sped on such a wild career. There was another report, which accounted for the appearance and disappearance of the stranger in another way. Some smugglers reported, that on that night they saw a beautiful French smuggling lugger sheltering from the gale in a little unfrequented bay along the coast. It might have been one of the crew, who had made himself acquainted with the circumstances he mentioned, and which was no secret, and made this bold dash for the prize: but this version of the story was scouted, as quite unworthy of the slightest credit. The former was the popular belief.

If any one of the *dramatis personæ* of the above sketch should happen to cast his eye over it, which, by the way, is the most unlikely thing possible, seeing the great probability that they have all been hanged long since; but if by *alibi*, or any other convenient means, only one should have escaped from justice, he will bear witness to the faithfulness of my narrative;

and acknowledge, with gratitude, the obligation of immortality in the Monthly Magazine.

THE MORTGAGE, A FIRESIDE STORY.

DEAR SATURDAY POST:—Says Aunt Sally, says she to me the other evening, "Well Zeke, so you're really studying for a lawyer." The old creature knew this before she asked, just as well as could be, but I never let on, and answered right back, without minding anything, "Sartin I am," says I. "Well then," says she, "do you fear God and keep his commandments—that one in particular, which says, 'Thou shalt not covet anything that is thy neighbor's,'" says she.

This was on the night of a driving snow storm. 'Twant of no use to try to go out, and our folks were all stowed around the fire. Father, he'd dropped off to sleep in the corner, in his low chair. Mother she sot in the other corner, on the high back settle, and Aunt Sally sat on the same seat with the round light stand between 'em. Mother was knitting away just as I've seen her doing of an evening as long as I can remember; and Aunt Sally had the Bible opened before her. Aunt Sally can't hardly be coaxed to wear specs, because she says her eye-sight is as good as ever it was, but she puts 'em on, just to keep it good. I've minded though that she always picks out the big print, in the big Bible.

Your humble servant, Ezekiel Jones, was a sitting right in front of the fire. I'd just give my boots a lick of mutton tallow, and was holding 'em out on my feet to let it dry into the pores. Right in the middle of the hearth, Aunt Sally had swept up a clean place and put down two Baldwin apples. She says she only wants to warm 'em; but she don't mistrust that I know she dusen't use her teeth to bite a raw one. Well, as you may judge, everything in the room was about as quiet as could be. Old puss, she'd stowed herself down at Aunty's feet, and just opened one eye, when anybody stirred, ever so little—for she is the fat-test and laziest cat that ever lived.

The wind would come along round the corner of the old house with a sough! and a whew! and make a body every once in a while think of shivering, but there was no chance to do it. Father he'd built up one of his regular northeaster fires as he calls 'em, and as fast as ever the snow struck on the windows outside, it would melt and run down. The green wood dropped out regular cataracts of sap at each end, and sung as if there was some living creature inside, getting steamed and roasted, all under one. Aunt Sally's apples had been warmed through long ago, and were fairly cracking their sides with laughter, to think that she only wanted to warm 'em, but still kept on a roasting 'em all to mush. It was so quiet and comfortable, that nobody wanted to say or do anything but just keep still and feel the good of it. I was a thinking away at the rate of twenty miles an hour, about law, and love and politics, when Aunt Sally she struck in, as I told you. "Fear God," says she, "and keep his commandments."

Well, this kind of struck me up. Puss she opened her eyes, and looked first to me, and then to Aunt Sally, as if the dumb creature knowed what Aunt Sally was saying, and who to. Mother she dropped a stitch and looked mighty curious over the top of her spectacles. Father, he stretched and yawned, and told me I had better go down and draw cider. Well,

I did, and when I come up, he'd had the tongs in the fire, and he pulled them out yaller heat, and the way the cider sizzled, and when he put the tongs in the plicher, was warming to the gums. We had a tolerable good pull at it all round, and one thing and another was said, till Aunt Sally who really seemed to have her budget full of talking, she struck right out straight into a yarn. Father he composed himself to a kind of half sleep and half listen; mother she took up that stitch in the stocking she was footing, again, puss dropped her head down, and closed one eye; I threw my right leg over my left, taking a squint at my new boots as I did it; and Aunt Sally, she gave her tongue the reins, and ambled off into

THE STORY OF GALLOW'S BRIDGE.

I remember the first lawyer that ever came down to Jonesville to settle; and he certainly was the meanest and smallest man that ever put himself where he was'n't wanted. His name happened to be Parker; and I say happened, because I never did know any man of the name of Parker who was a mean man before, and I never knew anybody of any name who was so dreadful small as this man. They turn'd him out of the bar, as they call it, or told him he should'n't practice law, before ever he see Jonesville for some caper he had cut up; and when a man is too small for a lawyer, you may judge he ain't much. (Aunt Sally does hate lawyers the worst sort—but I kept still.) Well, he begged and he pleaded, and they got up a petition that he might be a lawyer again, if he'd only promise to leave that neighborhood. So he was put back upon the list, and as soon as ever it was done he came right back to Jonesville, and put up his sign S. Parker, Attorney at Law. His name was Saul; or Samuel or something, I can't exactly remember.

Well, this man Parker, Ezekiel, he tried to grin himself right into every body's books. He was the smallest man you may depend. It was just before the embargo, in 1808 that he got here, and the first thing he did, was to put Guttridge who was a young man then, to charging more for his sugar and things, and so Guttridge did. You may guess that folks didn't like Parker any the better for that, but when it all turned out just as he said, and everything rix, they thought Parker was a witch. Lord! it seems to me just as if I could see him now, sneaking around like a serpent—but he's dead long ago, and I hope he's better off. (Aunt Sally didn't dare to hope anything else, with the Bible open before her, but she smiled all the time, as she knew better than to hope any such thing.)

You ought to have see Parker, Ezekiel—but then you was'n't born. He was a little man, half bent over when he was talking, just as if he knew there was nobody, ever so mean, that he had'n't ought to stoop before. His hair was carotty, and precious little of it; for I don't believe hair could grow on such a mean head. His eyes were a kind of gray, and small and twinkled under his bald eyebrows just as if he knew that he was a sneak, and meant to face it out. Why he always looked as if he was going to say something that he knew wouldn't answer, and was ready to say right off the thing contrary again it, if you didn't like the first. Oh, he was the meanest man—so mean that he felt small himself, and really shriveled up in his own insignificance.

Well, just about the same year that Parker came down here to live, Joseph Haskell was out of his time. He'd been serving an apprenticeship to a carpenter

down to New York, and when he came home in his freedom suit, he was a nice looking young man as you'll meet in a summer's day. His uncle gave him a piece of land, and he set right to build him a house. He thought, just like many other young folks, that because he owned the land, a house would cost him nothing—considering he could build it himself. And he was engaged to be married, too, and all, and wanted a house to live in, he said, and could build his own at odd jobs, when there was nothing else doing. Everybody wished Jo Haskell well—and kind of gave him a lift along, so that his new house went on finely. I remember the raising just as well as if it was yesterday. There never was a happier set; and many was the young woman that thought Jo Haskell would be worth anybody's setting her cap for. Mr. Parker he was there, as chipper as he knew how to be; but the man couldn't really look pleasant from his heart. It wasn't in him. It was just like white-wash over a smoky chimney—the old black will stick out.

[Here Aunt Sally stopped and seemed in deep thought. She didn't really want to go on, I know. Puss got up, doubled up her back, stretched, and laid down again. Father took a glass of cider—Aunt Sally she turned her apples round—and then set up and then begun again.]

I heard Parker offer a toast hoping all sorts of happiness to the owner of that house, but I didn't know then what selfish notions were at the bottom of his black heart. Jo did the thing handsome and everybody shook hands with him as they went away, and nobody seemed kinder and gladder than Parker, that the frame had been raised, and not the least accident happened. But there's a sour to every sweet. That very night it come on to blow, and it blowed just as hard as it does to night, and poor Jo's frame was swept down. One of the rafters was carried over Burnt Hill, and the rest of the timbers were scattered all over the lot. There never was such destruction—never.

Poor Jo he stood next morning, looking at the ruins. He hadn't the heart to touch, to save anything—but the neighbors were picking things up, and trying to put 'em all to rights again. Everybody had a kind word for Jo, and everybody that could do anything had a kind deed, too. For my part, I couldn't do much, for I felt as bad as he, but he knew well enough how I felt about it, and it didn't take many words between us to make us understand one another. Well, who should come along just then but lawyer Parker. He comes right up to Jo, his face a looking as sorry as if he had lost all his friends—if he ever had any. I didn't like the fellow then, and I never did, and I couldn't help mistrusting, that very minute, that if a turn out of his hand would have saved the house the night before, he wouldn't have stirred one of his fingers to do it.

"Well, Mr. Haskell," says he, "this is a bad night's work," says he, kind a soft and pleasant as if he was dreadful sorry. Jo, he only nodded, for he couldn't speak. "Bad business, Mr. Haskell," lawyer Parker went on, "but it ar'n't as though things couldn't be mended."

"I don't know how," says Jo, says he.

"Why you must build another house right off, and a bigger one," says Parker.

That's easier said than done," says Jo, almost ready to cry—but Parker coaxed him up and took him away from us down to his office. It was more than an hour before Jo come out, looking as pleasant and happy as

if he'd got his house built, and was married and just ready to move in.

He came right over to our house. "Well, Sall," says he, "I'm going to begin the new house to-morrow." I didn't dare to ask him how, for I thought the poor fellow was touched in his head, but he went right on. "I'm going to build it, twice as large as the other, and have a portico, and a good barn, and buy the next lot, and—"

"But Joseph," says I, "where does the money come from?"

"Oh, Squire Parker's a going to let me have it, and he says if I pay the interest regular it may lay this ten years."

I didn't know what to say to this—as Jo was so tickled at it, and everybody seemed to think all was going on so well. To make a long story short, Jo he went on and built. He let everything else go, to push his new house, as he called it right along. I tried to coax him to let things stand till Spring, and so earn a little of something, and get set up again, like; but he wouldn't hear nothing to me. The house was boarded, and clap-boarded, and shingled, right away, and Jo spent the livelong winter in finishing it up inside. Many's the afternoon, I've taken my work over and set in the room that he used for a workshop; and to see him planing and whistling, and hammering away, it really did my heart good. I heard Jo tell so much about Parker that I really began to think he was not so bad after all. But then you know Zeke, and if you don't you'll find out, that what's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh.

Well—the house was all done, and the front yard sodded and fixed, and so I cut the borders of box tree with my own hand, and put slips from my rose bushes down, and set out a lilac and a snow ball tree each side of the door, and planted the garden with sauce. Nobody lived in the house yet, but everybody thought they knew who was going to; and nobody felt surer than I did. Jo was all ready to be married, and would be out published the very next Sunday. The paint was dry and hard on all the floors, and the furniture was pretty much in—for that you know Zeke was the wife's look out, that was to be, and she hadn't been idle while Jo was saving the whole years of his apprenticeship, I warrant.

Well, one morning Jo and I were just coming out of the house—it was then just a year, e'en almost to a day, since his first house blew down. We'd been in and took a look over, to see how things would fadge, and to find out what we wanted. Father's wagon stood at the gate all ready, and your father was a holding the horse. Squire Parker came bowing and grinning along, and bowed to me, and bled Mr. Haskell good morning. I reckon I blushed clean up behind the ears, for Parker looked so funny at me, and there we were, both going to ride over to the next town together, to buy our best chairs and things—and being published to be married and all—I declare—I never—but well there. It's all passed now.

I don't see how I come to tell this story, Ezekiel—I have never mentioned it before for many a year—and I don't justly know how to end now I've begun. (Father gave a sigh here, for he'd been fairly awake now for a good while. Mother crossed her hands, and looked right steady into the fire, and Aunt Sally rested her head on her hands for a minute. The wind whistled more gloomier than ever around the house,

and Aunt Sally, after a shudder, begun again.) As I was saying, your father held the horse, and Squire Parker he took Jo a little aside. I didn't think that was handsome, for there hadn't ought to have been any secrets between us—but I says nothing. Parker was standing back to us—bowing to Jo, and pawing and figuring with his hands—so that I could see he was laying down the law about something. The horse pawed and chewed the bit, and I sung out to Jo to make haste, and finish his business, when he came back. Parker he bowed and trotted off, and Joseph he came back to me, shaking all over. "Sally," says he, "we might as well put up the horse." "Well" says I, "that's pretty well too—when I've been and fixed myself all up; and you ought to be ashamed!" Poor Joseph!—how many times I've cried to think I said that to him. He never answered a word—but asked your father to take the horse home, and then he took my arm in his'n, and we walked right over to your grandfather's house, I in a wonderment all the time what it could mean.

Joseph see me to the door, and then he was going away. "Joseph Haskell," says I, "do you come in." Well, he did, but set right down in a chair and didn't open his head. Then didn't I think of that dirty villain Parker? I knowed just as well as could be that it was all of his doing. Father come in and asked Jo what was the matter, and he up and told more than I ever knew before. He said that Parker told him when his frame blowed down, that he never should want for money, and so the cunning lawyer drew up a mortgage of the land, and all the buildings standing on it, and then he gave Joseph as much money as he wanted. I can remember as well as yesterday, how nice the new bills looked that Joseph had, and how I gave him all my silver change for some of them, to keep. He told Jo what kind of a house to build, and I often thought and told him, that Squire Parker couldn't take more interest in the house if he was going to live in it himself. "And now," says Jo, says he, "he says the year is up and he shall foreclose on me to-morrow."

Father—that was your grandfather, Zeke—he drew a chair up square, pulled up his farm frock, pushed both hands down into his breeches pockets, and set and thought. "Haskell," says he, "Parker never shall have that house." Jo's eye brightened up in a minute, I tell you. Then father went on—"Do you go on, just as you was doing, get your things, and be married next Sunday night. He can't get you under a year, I know enough law for that." I was for jumping at this at once—but a woman can't always speak what she thinks, Zeke, if she could—why—[Here Aunt Sally fairly give over for a minute or two.]

Joseph said he couldn't think of taking a wife into a new house, to be turned out in a year. He said the house wa'n't justly done neither, and he never should have the heart to finish it up, for another to steal from him. "Well," says father, "then I'll tell you what you do. Do you just throw a saddle on Ball, ride over to brother Abner's, tell him the story, and we'll see you out between us."

No sooner said than done. It was pretty well in the day then, and Joseph he didn't let grass grow under his horse's heels, I warrant. He said he'd be back that night anyhow, with good news or bad; and I took off my best things, and tried to go about the work as if nothing had happened. Folks dropped in to tea, and I mixed up some short cake, and showed 'em my

wedding cake, and they give me a turn on the things I was fixing; and being they were mostly old married folks, joked, and teased, and tormented me—but I must own my thoughts wer'n't justly on them. I wasn't sorry, I promise you, when I lighted the last one to the door—and they all went early, for it looked like a storm.

Back I come and set down with father and mother. We tried to talk about other things, but somehow we kept sliding round upon Parker. At last father, he got so worked up that he said a man like that ought to be——

Just then there came the awfullest stroke of thunder and lightning, and wind and rain, all together. It seemed as if the heavens were rolling up like a burning scroll, Ezekiel, and the fountains of the great deep were broken up. We all held our breath, and stared in wonderment and fear, for the very candle seemed to be put out by that red glare. In a minute it was all over. Father said, says he, "that's struck, somewhere," and I reckon that none of us found much more talking to do that evening. All night I laid awake—for I couldn't but feel frightened for Joseph. Who could tell where he was when that bolt fell? I listened and listened for a tap on the door—but nobody came.

In the morning I waited and waited for news from Joseph. I was washing up the breakfast things in the kitchen when father come and looked into the door and started right back as though he'd been shot. Mother, she came in, and tried to go straight through the room, and not look at me, nor nothing, but she couldn't. She clapped her apron up to her eyes with both hands, and burst right out a crying, and ran out of the other door. Before I got a chance to ask what was the meaning of all this, Minister Williams he came in, and, and——

Aunt Sally she couldn't hold out any longer. She went right off up stairs, a crying as if her heart would break, and father he was touched a good deal too. The rest of the story I knew before. Poor Joseph Haskell was found the next morning, with his head in a brook, and his left foot in the stirrup. His right arm was broke in two places, and one side of his face was all skinned by dragging on the ground. The horse had got pulled up by the stirrup leather catching in the railing. The saddle had slipped almost under his belly, and he had strained till he could just reach the grass by the side of the road, and was picking and nibbling, just as if he'd been only hitched to a post. Ever since, they have called that little bridge over the brook, **GALLOW'S BRIDGE.**

It's a gloomy looking place, enough. On both sides of the road, they've sot out weeping willows, and I never see the long branches swinging and waving now but I think of poor Joseph Haskell. Those that found the body, looked along upon the hill, and found just at the top, a big tree split by lightning. It was the flash that frightened the horse, and sent poor Joseph into eternity. His hair was floating on the current when they found him; and matted and mixed in with the reeds and flags; but his face, though swelled and scratched, wa'n't so much disfigured but you could see the fright in it, with which he went out of the world.

The very house we live in, is the one Jo Haskell built. Grandfather said Parker shouldn't have it; and he didn't; for the old gentleman took up the mortgage as next of kin, and gave the house to father and

Aunt Sally. It was a long time before she could be coaxed to go into it, though.

As to the scamp Parker, he soon discovered that Jonesville was a very illiterate and low neighborhood, and moved out. The last that was heard of him he made tracks out of a town off South.

Original.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER.

BY ARTHUR MORRELL.

THERE is in every country town
A schoolhouse and a church;
There are two men of great renown—
The parson with his awful frown,
And he who wields the birch.

O Birch! how thou hast made to roar,
Such lads as in affairs of lore
Were with bad memories blest;
As my poor back in days of yore,
By many a thrashing rendered sore,
Could honestly attest.

Behold King Ferule! what a look,
That makes the clowns to stammer,
Who see in him a living book,
With learning cramm'd in every nook,
From A B C to grammar.

Behold him, seated on his throne,
A high old-fashioned stool;
And hear him, as with dreadful tone
He bawls—"John Smith, leave Joe alone!
And silence in the school!"

"Tom Button! what are you about?"
"I aint doin' noth'n' now, thir!"
"I thay, mathter, may I go out?"
"What for, you good-for-nothing lout?"
"Becoth I've tear'd my trowthers."

"Jim Brown! quit licking off your slate,
You nasty little beast!
Bill Barlow, tell me, where's the state
Of Maine?" "I rather calkylate
It is away down east."

"Boo-hoo! master, that are Bill Snooks
Jest hit me with his fist!"
"Well, darn him! he stole my fish-hooks!"
"Come, stop your noise! Put up your books!
Attention! school's dismiss'd."

And thus it is from day to day—
Accustomed buf to rule,
Who wonders at his lordly way?
For he holds undivided sway
O'er all the village school.

School is dismiss'd! Now, cane in hand,
He homeward takes his way;
His sallow phiz is now more bland,
With less awe by the urchins scann'd,
Who now are heard at play.

Mark, what respect to him is paid
By all who chance to meet him;
By spinster, and by matron staid,
By curtsying and blushing maid—
By all who dare to greet him.

The farmer's man turns out his team—
Rare polish in a yeoman;
The very goose and gander seem,
By hisses half suppress'd, to deem
Him something more than common.

MISS CELESTINA LEONTINE DODDLETON:

OR, THE BENEFITS OF NOVEL READING.

BY LAWRENCE LABREE.

KIND and benevolent reader—most patient gentle-folk, did you ever hear the romance of Miss Doddleton's *petite amour*?—Miss Leontine Doddleton's first pure and virgin attachment? No? Is it possible! Well, now, attention, and you may learn the story of her love. It is a tale of marvellous strange adventure, and depicts the unsophisticated innocence of first love.

Miss Celestina Leontine Doddleton, was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter S. Doddleton. She was the youngest of seventeen children, and, at the time of my history, the only surviving one;—they had all died various deaths—some of one thing and some of another. Of course, being the only surviving one of the lot—such a lot!—she became, as most children naturally would, under similar circumstances, a complete pet; and the parental love, that was divided among so many, became at last the sole property of Celestina Leontine. Her poor parents, alas! imagined they must stuff her with seventeen times the usual quantity of sweet cakes and candy; compel her to wear seventeen times as many clothes, when she went out of a cold day, or sleep under thirty-four coverlets at night; have seventeen times as much time to play or have her own way in; seventeen times as beautiful, and seventeen times as witty. She was her "mother's baby," her "father's darling," the paragon of the village, the queen of beauty, and her name was enough for a bouncing flaggon at any club in town. But more than all these, she was a creature of romance—a devout reader of Bulwer,—in fact, she read seventeen times as many novels as ever another girl in the county, and was full seventeen times as romantic.

The parents of Celestina resided on Long Island, in the venerable town of Jericho. Mr. Doddleton was a rich farmer, and Mrs. Temperance D. was just the right sort of a woman to aid her economising spouse in the accumulation of a large fortune. I have heard it said (but I wish it to remain ever a profound secret) that Mrs. Doddleton once sold fruit in Fulton Market, and, between the comings of purchasers, employed herself knitting stockings which were offered at from three to six shillings a pair. Upon the whole soil of Long Island, there did not exist a more penurious and close-fisted couple than this same Mr. and Mrs. Doddleton; but in spite of all their avarice, and other ill qualities consequently attendant thereon, they loved Celestina; and they favored her and petted her in the utmost sense of the term. All that she could wish or hope for—that it was possible for her parents to grant, was bestowed upon her. Her dresses and useless ornaments were profuse. She had been fortunate enough to be kept at school until she had acquired a respectable reading education. But of all passions, that of reading novels was the predominant. Novel reading seemed to be her food and nourishment—nothing could conquer the passion; in her it was all-absorbing. She became superstitious—prone to believe in the most absurd things—romantic in the extreme; in fact her whole life was imagination—it was the goddess of her thoughts by day, and in the hours of her sleep brought magical and enchanting visions, unfolding a world of ideality, till her soul seemed transported to a world of fairy forms that welcomed her with air-breathing music—where all nature seemed a rhapsody; and the happy warbling of birds in gay plumage, the flashing of wa-

terfalls, and the gurgling of limpid streams—broad green fields where bloomed the sweetest and most beautiful flowers, majestic woodlands where the sleek deer bounded fearless, and thousands of delightful creations—all these filled her heart with a gushing of joy. Such were the happy and bright visions of Celestina; nor did she wander alone in her elysian worlds—some beloved form was ever by her side to share in her happiness. But the morning call to breakfast opened her eyes to a world of reality; then away with romance. She appeared at such times like anything else than a romantic creature. I never thought a person looked romantic while getting out of bed—I don't believe they do; however, the world is too old to alter its notion on that point.

Celestina at last arrived at that interesting age when a large portion of young ladies think they must get married, or at least hold at their beck a score or two of lovers. She had reached her sixteenth year, and actually began to think about some young man upon whom to place her juvenile affections. The common idea of marriage, with her, was not pleasing; there was no romance in a stiff and business like courtship—or in asking the consent of parents. She wanted to get up a runaway match, and mayhap her woman's wit did not contrive to produce one, in spite of the common-place feeling of the world now a-days. Several young men in the town were already in love with her, and considered her game; but none did she so much favor as her cousin Charles; and yet he was not exactly the pattern of a fellow she wanted.

At this time there worked upon old Doddleton's farm, a person bearing the cognomen of Stubbs—Joe Stubbs—Lazy Joe Stubbs, he was called. Among other duties, it was Joe's business every morning to attend to the garden—pluck up the weeds that had grown during the night. Now this garden was on the same side of the house as the chamber of Celestina, so that she could easily superintend Joe's work from her window, and give directions respecting her favorite flowers. Every morning for some time, as Celestina superintended the wedding of the flower-beds, Lazy Joe thought that she spoke with increasing kindness to him, until at last he grew quite melancholy, and, if anything more lazy, if the fair girl's head was not at the window at the usual hour. I may as well say at once, to account for certain strange proceedings that occurred, that Stubbs was considered a very handsome young man, albeit somewhat underdone near the occipital and frontal regions; yet no doubt he had as much wit as made him happy. There is as much forbidden fruit now, as when Adam nibbled the pippin in Eden—the tree of knowledge still grows, and those who eat of its fruit must not expect thereby to obtain happiness—that is, animal happiness; and the more we eat of the mental food, the more miserable we are; and yet, like the fascinating gaze of the serpent to the charmed bird, the nearer we approach the goal of human knowledge, the more eager do we become.

One morning early, while Miss Celestina Leontine Doddleton leaned from her window, watching the operations of Lazy Joe, a sudden and romantic thought seemed to strike her. She looked at Joe, and then she looked in the glass—she repeated the names of Stubbs and Doddleton. Various thoughts rushed through her brain, among which were—elopement—marriage—father's anger—mother's fury—return—reconciliation—embracing all around, &c. Celestina considered for an

instant—that instant was enough. She was a creature of romance, and she turned hastily from the window, sat down at a table, and penned the following note—only imagine how romantic the idea:

"DEAR JOSEPH—Do not be surprised at this note from me, nor consider it in any other than a serious light, for serious it is. I am in love—in love with you, dearest Joseph, and nothing can seal my happiness but our union. I am aware the world will laugh at me for marrying my father's gardener, but let them laugh. There is no use asking the consent of my father, so we must elope to New York, and there get married; and no doubt, in their anxiety for my return, my parents will become reconciled to the match. You know they are rich: then shall I not have it in my power to make you happy? Yes, dear Josey! yes. Have I not read of princesses marrying their pages? and shall I not let the world know how little I care about the forms of society? It must be done to-night. I will be ready at eight o'clock precisely. At that hour have the horse and gig ready at the corner, by the old oak. Do not fail. Yours madly, wildly, devotedly,

CELESTINA LEONTINE."

After having written the above, she went to the window. Lazy Joe was still in the garden, engaged in pestering a large toad with a straw. Celestina cast one wistful, burning, soul-devouring glance at him, and sighing deeply, dropped the letter upon his coat which he had thrown beneath the window, and, with a beating heart threw herself upon the bed to await the result of her adventurous correspondence. Do not suppose for an instant that she felt so extremely happy as she at first anticipated. There arose within her, almost unconsciously, a slight feeling of shame, and for a moment her thoughts wandered to one whose name she dare not breathe, but whose image at that moment filled the eye of her imagination. When she sat down to write the note to Lazy Joe Stubbs, she felt that she was deceiving herself—she felt that her heart did not dictate what she then wrote, but

"Sweet is revenge, especially to woman!"

She thought that she was a wronged girl—an injured person; but the blind revenge she contemplated was more likely to crush herself instead of injuring the only person whom she intended it should; and yet had she been told that some dread accident had befallen him, her sympathy would have been quick to show itself—her tears quick to flow. But in her own mind she had been wronged—wronged in the severest way a woman can be wronged—wounded in her pride; and when a woman is injured—when she feels that she has been shamed—then, if a dreadful retribution does not follow, conclude it no fault of hers; though sometimes, alas! she is the victim of her own venom. I will not pretend to say that Celestina was so awfully injured—that which pliqued her was meant in friendship.

Brought up in the same neighborhood with Celestina, was her cousin, Charles Merrivale, a fine, whole-souled, plain-spoken, honest, every-day sort of a fellow, and, in fact, a very good looking one. In appearance he was just such a looking person as—as you will meet a hundred times a day in Broadway—very, indeed. Now Charles detested everything like a false idea of gentility, for he did not believe that sentimentality, and lacadassical trifling, and sweet nonsense made a lady, nor did he think that a fashionable coat,

long hair, or a vulgar, nasty moustache, made the gentleman.

Charles thought much of his misguided cousin, but he did not approve of all her ways, and he had often striven to convince her that she was wrong in many important traits of character; and for this had she taken affront. Charles did not think her so bad a girl as her actions represented her; he only saw the folly of too much indulgence; but he thought time would soften down those harsher qualities, for at heart she was a good girl.

Now, as it happened, on this very morning Charles paid an early visit to his uncle's, and as he was passing the garden gate, he thought he would open it and go in. Taking the circuit of the garden, he passed beneath the window of Celestina's room. Lazy Joe Stubbs had at that moment taken up the note which Celestina had thrown down, and was turning it over in his hand, trying to decipher its meaning; for, be it understood, Joe knew but little of written characters, and could scarcely read print. Looking up, he observed Charles standing before him, who said with a smile,

"Why, Joe, what wonder have you got there, that you stare so at it?"

"I don't know, Mister Charles; but it looks as letters do, though all I can make out of it is that it is directed to me. J o, J o, s e p h—that's an aitch, aint it, you?—Joseph—"

"Ah, I understand—you cannot read it. Shall I read it for you?"

"Well—yes, I don't care if you do. 'Twont amount to much, I guess. Now who in thunder could a writ it I don't see."

Charles took the note, opened it, and as soon as his eyes caught the lines, he recognized the hand-writing. A glance at the first words started him with surprise, and, after reading it, he turned to Joe, and told him there was a mistake in the direction—that, in fact, it was meant for himself. Joe, unsuspicious, believed what Charles told him, and turned to another part of the garden. Astonished as he was at the contents of the note, Charles fully comprehended the motive, and quickly resolved upon the course best to pursue. He felt that the rash step Celestina was about to take would entail upon her an after load of misery and repentance; he knew, too, that a false education had nearly spoiled her; he knew that she was a headstrong, wild girl, uncurbed in every passion; he knew by the memory of many happy hours they had spent together in some secluded and shady grove, or roaming over pleasant field and verdant meadow—he knew by these bright memories that he was not indifferent to her; but she was proud, and sometimes ill tempered, and a few words of timely caution—a little friendly advice—had touched her to the quick. Slipping, therefore, a dollar into the hand of Joe, he left the garden and returned home to ponder over the best mode of acting in this singular affair.

At the breakfast table that morning Celestina appeared more thoughtful than usual. She partook but lightly, and hurrying from the table, she retired to her room, locked the door, and stayed there during the remainder of the day. She excused herself from dinner by pleading no appetite and an interesting book; but the waning day possessed her with no enviable feelings.

* * * * *
Night came—the appointed hour. It was dark and

cloudy, and a thick drizzling rain made the night appear more dismal still. At a corner of two roads, beneath the branches of a huge oak, stood a horse and gig; no person was visible near, and ever and anon would the animal prick up its ears and peer into the dark air, as if it saw some object amid the indistinctness around, then drop its head again to a sleeping position, and all would become silent. In a few moments were heard sounds of footsteps, and voices speaking low, and a man, wrapped in a heavy surtout, came up to where the gig stood, walked around it, examined it closely, and, humming an old air, walked on a few paces, made a peculiar whistle, and was immediately joined by another person who came over the wall from an adjoining orchard. They conversed together in a low tone for a few moments, and then both disappeared again over the wall into the orchard.

True to her word, Celestina dressed herself, and, at the appointed time issued from a back door, wrapped in a cloak, and made her way tremblingly to the trysting place—the old oak at the corner. She already began to feel the romance of her situation, and giving scope to her imagination, she pictured to her view the stories she had read of gay knights and their lady-loves; of deep dungeons beneath old castles—of ghosts, spectres and hobgoblins. Suddenly, however, as she peered into the darkness, she fancied she saw something white as a sheet coming toward her, along by the side of the wall. The glare of its green eyes seemed intensely fixed upon her as it approached with a noiseless tread, and she thought the air around grew more dense and suffocating—she even imagined that it smelt sulphurous. It approached nearer and nearer; the eyes were still fixed upon her; it seemed to increase in size—she felt its warm breath upon her cheek, and uttering a wild shriek, she fell to the earth, and—the old white cow of Squire Wiggins passed on.

When consciousness returned to the lovely Celestina, she discovered that she was sitting in her father's gig, by the side of some person, whose arm surrounded her waist, and the old horse traveling at a smart jog. At times she felt the warm breath of her companion, as he bent his face to her own. She could not speak, but a singular feeling seemed to possess her, as she thought of the step that she was thus hastily taking—the affection of her mother—the fondness of her father, and her conscience upbraided her for her thanklessness. The drizzling rain still continued to fall, the old horse still kept his steady pace, and yet her companion had not spoken a word.

They had rode about half an hour, when, in passing a small wood that stood by the road side, two men suddenly issued out, seized the reins of the horse and pointing a pistol at the gig, commanded the driver to descend and deliver his money. A loud shriek from Celestina, told how fearfully she anticipated a multitude of horrors, and springing from his seat, Charles flew at the robbers, and like one newly come to the rescue, began to lay about him with such good will, that he soon made the fellows fly to the wood whence they came. During all this time Celestina sat in the gig, realizing all the horrors of her situation, and wondering why robbers should attack them in such a neighborhood, and wondering too, how Joe had found the courage to leap out among them. After the fellows were gone, Charles advanced to the gig to render assistance to Celestina. On his speaking, Celestina expressed her surprise at seeing him, but he soon satisfied her

by saying that he was returning home, when he heard the attack upon them, and had come as hastily as he could to the rescue. She expressed to him her thanks for his timely aid, and looking around with an enquiring gaze, seemed as though she would ask some question, yet lacked the courage. Charles divined her thoughts, and began to rally her upon the choice of so brave a companion for a ride, who had improved the earliest opportunity to make his escape upon the first alarm of danger. Celestina had, in her own mind, already proceeded far enough in the romantic affair of eloping with Lazy Joe Stubbs, and as they rode homeward, she had a full opportunity of reflecting upon her narrow escape, both from the supposed robbers, and from the amorous arms of Lazy Joe Stubbs. The courage and generosity of Charles arose before her "mind's eye," together with the unjustness of her ill feelings toward him. After reaching home, she retired early to rest, nor did she sleep much that night, and the next morning when she arose, she felt like another person, and all her old fondness for Charles returned. She saw that her parents had learnt nothing about the previous night's adventures. Lazy Joe Stubbs whistled and sung in the garden, and the only extraordinary sign that he evinced of possessing the knowledge of an important secret, was by a singular and sinister smile that played around his mouth, and a laughing expression of the eye. He whistled louder and much more enthusiastically when in the course of the day, he received a five dollar bill from Celestina, with a friendly smile and a knowing wink which he could not mistake.

Charles, however, was determined to close any further intercourse with a girl who had shown herself so reprehensibly weak and foolish. He dare not trust his happiness where there was so much fickleness. He determined, on reading her letter to Joe, to throw her off forever, after he had rescued her from an act of shame and disgrace, and he acted wisely. The next morning after the above incidents had occurred, he sent her, by the hands of a servant, the following note:

"MISS DODDLETON—You cannot suppose, after what occurred last night, I could so far forget what was due to myself, as to meet you again otherwise than as a friend. All intercourse between us is at an end, as I shall leave for the West in the course of the day. What has transpired I shall never divulge, and I hope that any future engagements you may make will conduce to your happiness. Farewell! CHARLES."

This proved the end of all romance in the heart of Celestina, for she withered into an ill-tempered old maid, and she is now beyond all hope of matrimony—a just punishment for her folly, and a singular instance of a weak-minded girl, ruined by a morbid imagination and indulgent parents.

Merrivale is now residing in the Western part of the State of New York, happily married, surrounded by a family of blooming children, and possessed of an ample fortune, which he has sense enough to apply to perfect the worldly happiness of those dependant upon him.

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PORTICAL.—The ancient Celts, it is said, believed the employment of new-born infants, removed to heaven, became thenceforth the scattering of flowers upon the earth.

## REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

In the autumn of 1777, when Lord Howe had possession of Philadelphia, the situation of the Americans who could not follow their beloved commander, was truly distressing, subject to the every day insults of cruel and oppressive foes. Bound to pay obedience to laws predicated on the momentary power of a proud and vindictive commander, it can be better pictured than described. To obtain the common necessities of life, particularly flour, they had to go as far as Bristol, a distance of eighteen or twenty miles, and even this indulgence was not granted them, until a pass was procured from Lord Howe, as guards were placed along Vine street, extending from the Delaware to the Schuylkill, forming a complete barrier; beyond these through the woods, extending as far as Frankford, were stationed the picket guards—thus rendering it in a manner impossible to reach the Bristol Mills unless first obtaining a pass.

The commander-in-chief of the American forces was then encamped at the Valley Forge, suffering from cold, hunger and the inclemency of the season. The British rolled in plenty, and spent their days in feasting, their nights in balls, riots and dissipation; thus resting in supposed security, while the American chieftain was planning a mode for their final extirpation. A poor woman with six small children, whose husband was at the Valley Forge, had made frequent application for a pass. Engagements rendered it impossible for her cruel tormentors to give her one. Rendered desperate from disappointment, and the cries of her children, she started alone without a pass, and by good luck eluded the guards and reached Bristol.

It will be remembered by many now living that six brothers by the name of Doale or Dowell, about this time committed many acts of heroic bravery, but more in the character of marauders than soldiers. They were men full six feet high, stout and active, a fearless intrepidity characterized their deeds, and they always succeeded in making their escape. A marked partiality to the Americans rendered them obnoxious to the British and always welcome to the former to whom they conveyed what information they could glean in their adventures.

Our adventurous female, having procured her flour in a pillow case holding about twenty pounds, was returning with a light heart to her anxious and lonely babes. She had passed the picket guards at Frankford, and was just entering the woods a little this side, when a tall, stout man stepped from behind a tree and putting a letter in her hand, requested her to read it. She grasped with eager joy the letter bearing the character of her husband's hand-writing. After a pause he said, "your husband is well, madam, and requested me to say that in a short time he will be with you; money is a scarce article among us—I mean among them; but on account of your husband's partiality to the cause of liberty, I am willing to become his banker." So saying, he handed her a purse of money. "My means madam, are adequate, or I would not be thus lavish," seeing she was about to refuse it.

"You said, sir, my husband would see me shortly; how do you know that which seems so impossible? and how did you know me, who never—"

"Hush, madam, we are now approaching the British guard: suffice it to say, the American commander has that in his head which like an earthquake, will shake the whole American continent, and expunge these mis-

creants; but, hark—take the road to the left—farewell." So saying, he departed. She gave one look, but vacancy filled the space where he stood. With slow and cautious steps she approached Vine street. Already her fire burned beneath her bread, when the awful word halt! struck her to the soul. She started, and found herself in the custody of a British sentinel. "Your pass, woman." "I have none sir, my children are"—"D—n the rebel crew, why do you breed snakes to your king—this flour is mine—off, woman, and die with your babes." A groan was her only answer. The ruffian was about departing, when the former messenger appeared—his whole demeanor was changed, humble simplicity marked his gait—he approached the guard with a seeming fearfulness, and begged him in a suppliant voice to give the poor woman her flour. "Fool! idiot!" exclaimed the guard, "who are you? see yonder guardhouse—if you interfere here you shall soon be its inmate." "May be, so, sir; but won't you give the poor woman the means of supporting her little family one week longer? recollect the distance she has walked, the weight of the bag, and recollect —"

"Hell and fury, sirrah! Why did me recollect? You plead in vain—be gone, or I'll seize you as a spy."

"You won't give the poor woman her flour?"

"No."

"Then by my country's faith and hopes of freedom, you shall!" and with powerful arm, he seized the guard by the throat and hurled him to the ground. "Run, madam, run—see the guard-house is alive—seize your flour, pass Vine street, and you are save." 'Twas done. The guard made an attempt to rise, when the stranger drew a pistol and shot him dead. The unfortunate man gazed around him with a fearless intrepidity. There was but one way to escape, and that through the wood. Seizing the dead man's musket, he started like a deer pursued by the hounds. "Shoot him down! down with him!" was echoed from one line to the other. The desperado was lost in the wood, and a general search commenced; the object of their pursuit in the mean time flew like lightning; the main guard was left behind, but the whole picket line would soon be alarmed—one course alone presented itself and that was to mount his horse, which was concealed among the bushes, and gallop down to the Delaware; a boat was already there for him. The thought was no sooner suggested than it was put in execution. He mounted his horse, and eluding the alarmed guards, had nearly reached the Delaware.

Here he found himself headed, and hemmed in by at least fifty exasperated soldiers. One sprang from behind a tree, and demanded immediate surrender. "'Tis useless to prevaricate—you are now our prisoner, your boat, which before excited suspicion, is now in our possession."

"Son of a slave! slave to a king! how dare you to address a freeman! Surrender yourself—a Doale never surrendered himself to any man, far less to a blinded paltrion—away or die;" and attempted to pass. The guard leveled his gun, but himself was leveled to the dust; the ball of Doale's pistol had been swifter than his own. His case was now truly desperate; behind him was the whole line of guards—on the north of him the Frankford pickets, and on the left of him the city of Philadelphia, filled with British troops.

One way and only one presented itself, and that was to cross the river. He knew his horse; he plunged in



—a shout succeeded ere he reached half the distance, twenty armed boats were in pursuit. His noble horse dashed through the Delaware, his master spurred him on with double interest while balls whistled around him. The tide was running down when he reached the Jersey shore, he found himself immediately opposite the old slip at Market street. On reaching the shore he turned round, took out a pistol, and with steady aim fired at the first boat—a man fell over the side and sunk to rise no more. He then disappeared in the wood. The angry, harassed, and disappointed pursuers gave one look, one curse, and returned to the Pennsylvania shore, fully believing, that, if he was not the devil, he was at least one of his principal agents.

The exploits of these men were so frequently of a like nature, that the expressions made use of by his disappointed pursuers towards this one are by no means censured—dread of personal danger appeared to be unknown to them—plunder, but only from the British, seemed their sole aim, with an ambition, however futile of creating in the minds of their enemies this belief. At one time they were in Philadelphia, dressed in the British costume—at another they were revivifying the distresses of their friends at the Valley Forge.

#### A ROMANCE OF PARIS

A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

The ancient Roman palace Des Thermes, which was inhabited by the Emperor Julian when proconsul of Gaul, and subsequently by the earlier of the French kings, was adjacent to the Rue de la Harpe where a remnant of it is still to be seen. A legend relating to it, and which is briefly mentioned in Daniel's history of France is given at greater length in these chronicles, the details being taken, we are told, from an old Italian manuscript in the Armenian convent at Venice. It refers to the two daughters of Charlemagne, Gisla and Rotrude, who, after their father's death lived in a sort of honorable captivity in the Palais des Thermes, known at that period as the Vieux Palais. The story is not without its wild interest. It is as follows:—

On an evening of the month of February 814, two horsemen of knightly mien and graceful bearing, who had apparently ridden far and fast, entered the courtyard of the Palais des Thermes. Before their feet left the stirrups they delivered to the seneschal, who advanced to meet them, a parchment sealed with the royal arms, which came from the king, Louis le Debonnaire, who was on his way to Paris, and whom they preceded but by a few hours. It was some weeks after the death of Charlemagne, and King Louis, who had been to Aix-la-Chapelle to celebrate the obsequies of his father, which lasted forty days was returning to Paris to have himself proclaimed, for the second time, successor to the kingdom and empire.

To the infinite surprise of the two knights scarcely had the seneschal read the missive of which they had been the bearers, when he commanded the gates to be shut, and, at the same time, one of his officers approached the strangers and required them to deliver up their swords. Without attending to their astonishment, the seneschal led the way into a hall of the palace occasionally used as a guard-room, but which was then unoccupied. Lights were brought, and he again attentively perused the parchment sealed with

the king's seal. Then addressing himself to the younger of the two knights.

"It is you, Messire," he said, "who are called Raoul de Lys?"

The knight assented.

"And your companion?"

"Robert de Quercy."

"It is my painful duty, Messires," said the seneschal courteously, to detain you both prisoners. The despatch, of which you were the bearers, contains the king's commands to that effect."

"And our crime?" demanded the knights.

"Of that I am ignorant. The king's letter is brief and peremptory. You are to be kept prisoners, and separated till his arrival."

"Separated! why so?" exclaimed Robert de Quercy.

"Raoul is my friend, my brother. Of what crime do they dare accuse us?"

"I know not," replied the seneschal. "Consult your own consciences. I can but execute my master's orders. Messire de Quercy, you will please to accompany me."

The two knights embraced one another before parting.

"Courage, brother!" whispered de Quercy to his friend. "I may yet find means for our release."

And with a significant pressure of the hand, they parted.

For a long time had these two young men been united by the bonds of the warmest friendship. From their earliest youth they had shared the same pleasures and the same perils; and, moreover, for some time past, a yet stronger link of sympathy had established itself between them. They loved, and were beloved by Rotrude and Gisla, daughters of Charlemagne by his second wife Hildegarde, and sisters of Louis le Debonnaire. The two princesses were then in the palace, awaiting not without apprehension, the return of their brother; who being now undisputed ruler over a magnificent empire which his heroic father had left behind him, had already given indications of an intention to banish all semblance of pleasure from his court, and introduce the ascetic discipline of a convent.

After a supper, consisting of some ill-cooked boar's flesh and a jug of sour hydromel, Raoul de Lys remained for some time pacing up and down the hall at arms in which he was confined. His lamp had become extinguished, but from time to time the moon struggling through an opening in the clouds threw a faint beam into the gloomy hall, and Raoul profited by the transient light, to gaze rapturously on a medallion which he wore suspended round his neck. It contained the portrait of Rotrude, the daughter of Charlemagne, whom Constantine the Greek, would fain have made his bride, had not her heart been already given, and her father unwilling to constrain her inclinations.

Midnight had long struck, and the unfortunate young knight was still continuing his monotonous and melancholy walk, when a light suddenly gleamed through the crevices of the paneling; a secret door was pushed noiselessly aside, and Robert de Quercy appeared at the aperture, leading by the hand a lady whose face was covered by her veil.

"Rotrude!" exclaimed Raoul in an accent of delight. The lady threw back her veil. It was Gisla, her features pale as those of an alabaster statue.

"And Rotrude! where is she?" cried Raoul.

Robert de Quercy stooped down and seized a ring, attached to one of the marble flags that paved the hall. Then signing to his friend to assist him, they raised the massive block and a staircase appeared.

"My sister will soon be here," said Gisla, in an agitated voice. "We learnt the peril that menaced you, and are come to your rescue."

"What peril?" asked Raoul, taking Gisla's hands, which were cold as the stone he had just lifted.

"Our brother Louis arrives to-morrow," she replied, "and I know from Volrade, count of the palace, that he comes but to punish. Before occupying the imperial palace he has sworn to purge and purify it. He knows of the ties between us, and to conceal the shame of his house, yourself and Robert are to die. He will afterward deliberate on the punishment of Rotrude and myself."

"Accused be the prince who remembers but the faults and forgets the services of his followers!" exclaimed Robert. "Should he not bear in mind the affection his father bore both Raoul and myself? It was Charlemagne who, unwilling to lose your society, Gisla, and that of your sister Rotrude, refused to give you any of the numerous princes who sought your hands. Can it be your own brother who has thus sworn your destruction and ours? Oh, no, that cannot be. The body of Charles the Great is as yet scarcely cold, and 'tis but from yesterday that Louis holds the sceptre."

"He grasps it firmly to punish thee," said the king himself, who at that moment appeared at the top of the staircase, dragging his sister Rotrude by the hand, and followed by four men whose faces were shaded by their hoods.

"The flying dove has met with the fowler," said Louis, placing his sister upon a bench; "I, too, know the secret passages of the Palais des Thermes, and it is here that I come to give my first judgment. I will commence with you, fair Rotrude, you who fled from me as though I had been a foe. I am a good brother, on the contrary, as the four gentlemen whom I have brought with me shall testify. They are come to serve as your witness."

"Witnesses!" repeated Rotrude and Gisla, in tremulous accents.

"Yes—your marriage shall be celebrated this very night. You, Gisla, shall marry Robert Count de Quercy; you Rotrude, Raoul Baron de Lys, two of the best lancers in my deceased father's retinue."

"It is our dearest wish!" exclaimed the two young knights. "Noble emperor, we await your commands."

"First, don these arms," said Louis, making a sign to his followers, who immediately produced two complete suits of armour. "It is not fitting," continued the king, turning to his sisters, "that princesses should be present at the toilet of chevaliers and men-at-arms." With a glance of inexpressible joy and happiness at their lovers, Rotrude and Gisla left the apartment.

Two o'clock pealed from the belfry of the Eglise St. Jacques, when the princesses re-entered the hall, followed by the king and his attendants who had been to fetch them. They found their lovers accoutred in armor and seated in two high-backed open chairs, their vizors down, and their heads sunk upon their breasts as though they were praying. Louis and his followers left the room. The two knights still remained motionless, and when Gisla and Rotrude, surprised at

their immobility, stepped up to them and took their hands, the iron clad limbs were heavy to lift, and fell back with a dismal clang against the chairs. Two inanimate corpses were all that remained of Robert de Quercy and Raoul de Lys. They had been stifled in the mechanical armor that had been sent as a gift to Charlemagne from the imperial palace at Ravenna, in return for a vase of jewels which the emperor had presented to that city.

"In the year 1560," says the manuscript already alluded to, "in the course of some researches made in the ancient Palais des Thermes a helmet was found, so contrived that when put on, a secret mechanism closed every opening, at the same time that the lower part of the gorget pressed against the breast of the wearer. In this helmet was a man's head, perfectly preserved owing to the absence of all air of which the teeth and beard were still of remarkable beauty.

#### LONELINESS.

Original.

BY H. H. CLEMENTS.

ALAS! that I have lived to know  
This early weariness of life;  
A wound is here without the blow—  
A scar without the knife!  
As it began, so must it close,  
Bereft a vista to repose—  
As cheerless as a wreck at sea  
Alone in the immensity.  
My heart is like a lonely bird  
That mourns the fleeting year;  
There hope hath slumbered on unstirr'd,  
Like death upon a bier.  
A withered finger pointing where  
The sinful wander, shod with care,  
May lure awhile the feet astray,  
But reason points the better way,  
How many wander on like me,  
Only they will not all confess  
The utter sense of misery  
Which springs from loneliness;  
As isolated as a tomb  
Where flowers were never known to bloom;  
And o'er which, swallows in the sky  
Soar higher up in passing by  
Life, like the varyings of the moon,  
Hath many changes, till at last,  
Full orb'd it stands, to wane as soon  
And share a bridal with the past:  
While what we hear and all we see  
May lull at times our apathy,  
Then floods the soul with the excess  
Of a pervading loneliness.

#### THE VILLAGE PAINTER.

In the romantic village of M—, there lived, at the close of the last century, a painter, or rather artist, since to the humble practice of domestic decorator he added the more ambitious calling of signboard and epitaph painter in ordinary to the parish.

The village church, a plain and antiquated structure, betraying in its massive shafts and circular arches the simple taste of our Saxon progenitors, contained within its vaults the burial-place of a once noble and powerful family. This "ancient receptacle," had been decorated and disfigured by the martial ardor and monkish superstition of its various possessors with effigies of numerous gallant knights, as well as with certain quaint devices and intricate inscriptions, conveying sage axioms upon the vanity of worldly pursuits, and

the instability of sublunary things in general. Such, at least, was the prevailing interpretation of the initiated in such matters: since, whether from the ravages of time and damp upon the character, or the uncouth nature of the symbols under which so much was supposed to lurk, their precise meaning had never been satisfactorily ascertained; and it must be confessed that these "learned Thebans," with their wonted ingenuity, had broached interpretations to the full as incongruous and monstrous as any of the objects of their speculation. This tomb, at all times the resort of antiquarian curiosity, was visited at the happening of the incident we are about to relate by a celebrated topographical illustrator, who, in furtherance of a design of commemorating so unique a relic of the olden time, employed our painter to furnish a fac-simile of the disputed characters and symbols. Happy in the opportunity of disseminating the fame of his native village, and at the same time adding his humble tribute of light to the galaxy of antiquarian lore about to be shed, upon the world, he repaired to the church, bearing, in addition to the materials necessary to the prosecution of his task, a basket containing his dinner and two candles, with a determination to finish his job before the setting of the sun.

It was the first day of the Saturnalia immediately succeeding the gloomy and self-denying season of Lent; at a period when the authorized festivities of the church were celebrated with an ardor and enthusiasm proportioned to the fervor and sincerity with which her austere duties were wont to be observed. It was the Easter of our forefathers, ere "the goodly usage of those ancient times" had given way to a spirit of refinement, which has already curtailed the enjoyments of the lower orders, and almost effaced the badge of honest simplicity from the character of our peasantry. The whole district of M—— was alive, and the venerable sexton, warming at the sight of the general hilarity, had relaxed from half a century's toil in the watchful discharge of his ministerial functions, in favor of a "trusty frere," with whom he was to pass the holyday week. To our painter, therefore, as to a discreet and pious son of the church, he entrusted the keys of the sacred edifice, intimating his intention of demanding them again when the following Sabbath should recall him to his duties. The painter, chuckling inwardly at so thrifty an employment of a holyday, carefully secured the church door, deposited his provisions in a convenient spot, lighted one of his candles, and propping up the narrow door that led to the vaults, at the extremity of which stood the mausoleum, he descended to his task. Scarcely, however, had he reached his destination, when the door fell with a clap that reverberated in thunder through the vaults, and startled the painter to such a degree that the candle fell from his hand, and was extinguished amid the dust of the charnel house. There is something of seriousness and even awe in solitary darkness for which it is difficult to account—a sort of vague idea of danger—a fleeting sensation of helplessness, that pervades, more or less, every person and every age. On infancy its effects are indisputable; it generates the first misery of existence; and it clings around the daring, and philosophy, ay, even religion of maturer years. No wonder, then, that the painter should have been considerably embarrassed at the event; he stood in mute bewilderment, while his "seated heart beat at his ribs" with convulsive throbs.

Shaking off, after a brief space a portion of this enervating weakness, and recovering with some difficulty the lost candle, he proceeded to grope his way to the door, which, after numerous falls and bruises, he succeeded in reaching. But vain were all his efforts at removal; the bolt had shot forward, and inclosed him in a living tomb! The ponderous lid, the iron-bound defier of centuries, stirred not at his puny struggles; he toiled until exhausted nature refused to answer the calls of desperation—his strength failed, and he sank fainting to the earth, while chilling streams of perspiration trickled down his limbs. The horror of his situation confounded all his faculties, and struck down the manhood within him; one withering thought filled his whole soul—that thought was starvation! The church would not be visited until the following Sunday—six mortal days! For him that Sunday would never dawn! The noisome vapor of the vault, and torturing famine, would ere then have destroyed him! Oh God! to perish thus, in the pride of manhood and fame, with nought but a single plank between him and salvation. Ah! no—"Hope, the charmer lingered still behind;" the candle! the candle! he may still be saved! the spark of life may still be kept in! years of happiness still awaited him—oh, no! he *could* not die! Meanwhile the minutes passed away; but, in darkness and solitude, and silence insupportable, he recked not how they flew: now, he measured them by the wild throbbings of his own tumultuous pulse, and they seemed to fly as if winging their way from happiness; no, he thought of the thousands that must elapse before he could be rescued, and they appeared to creep as they are wont to creep, when, as if enamored of distress, they drag their wheels for the wretched. At length, the cravings of thirst and hunger becoming intolerable, he ate a morsel of the candle, a filthy and bitter morsel! but what is so bitter as death! in loathing and disgust, he continued at intervals, as exhaustion gnawed his vitals, to swallow small pieces of the nauseous food, until, though hoarded with all a miser's tenacity, it failed him, with he knew not what portion of his imprisonment yet unexpired, to famine and death! Then ensued a fearful reaction; the thread by which he clung to life snapped in his grasp, and he sank back into the water of despondency! "The sickening pang of hope deferred" fell like an ice-bolt upon his heart, freezing upon the springs of existence, and scaring reason from her seat. Memory conjured up the dark records of the noble house about to prove so fatal to himself; imagination summoned the grim warriors from their shrouds, and arrayed them in fearful reality before him. "Dabbled in blood" they wandered by, and "shook their gory locks" in his face! He yelled for very agony, and rushing wildly through the vaults, raised his implous hands to Heaven, and called aloud for annihilation! But those paroxysms could not last; he again sank down, and as his bodily strength ebbed, his mind began to throw off the withering terror which had overwhelmed it, and to resume its accustomed steadiness. He bethought himself of his former life, with its errors and transgressions—of his future existence, with its happiness or misery—and he poured forth his soul in prayer, and besought the searcher of hearts—Him in whose hands was his fate—for grace to "die as erring man should die," in humbleness and diffidence, "nor desperate of all hope on high."

Comforted, doubtless, yet still racked by his igno-

rance of the lapse of time, he tried to sleep; but his eyelids closed in vain: he was wretched, and the balmy breathings of repose fanned not his cheek! or if perchance oblivion for a few moments "steeped his senses in forgetfulness," the most harrowing visions haunted his fitful slumbers. He beheld the home of his childhood ransacked by stranger hands; the gentle partner of his bosom stretched, in poverty and suffering, upon the bed of sickness; his little ones, "all at one fell swoop," driven houseless outcasts upon the world, and in bitterness of heart invoking curses on the author of their being! Then would he start and wake; and anon slumber again, to dream and wake again to tenfold agony! at last his mind collapsed: the boundaries of fancy and reality became indistinguishable, and, borne down by the maddening alternations of hope and despair, he swooned.

How long insensibility lasted is uncertain: for aught he knew, it might have been hours, or days, or weeks! but from it he was roused by the sound of approaching footsteps. He started to his feet; a torch flashed through the gloom; he struggled forward with a hysterical cry of joy, and fell into the arms of his wife! Alarmed at his absence from the evening meal of the family, she had, with the assistance of her neighbors, forced the church doors and rescued the painter from "the tomb of all the Capulets." He had been incarcerated just seven hours!

#### THE LOG OF THE ROVER.

We have many poetic communications which we must decline, because we do not wish to be afflicted ourselves, nor to afflict our readers, beyond a certain degree of endurance. It was unnecessary to send three copies of a poem we had concluded not to publish. The author must do better for the future. There is such a jingling of rhyme, now-a-days, that by far the largest portion of it is much out of tune, and as much more sadly out of sense. Will you please, young gentlemen, do better, or do nothing. Keep your effusions a month after your folly, or till you forget them, then read them as though they were some one else's. Sometimes we are good naturedly pressed into publishing an article for friendship's sake, when we had rather be excused; at the same time your literary gentleman has a way of taking it very unkindly if his communication is rejected. Dear us, good friends, you can't conceive how an insignificant — of an editor has to be loaded with the outpourings of persons in no wise connected with the respectable firm of Syntax, Prosody & Co. Occasionally there are exceptions to the above complaint, and even then the fault is apt to be a want of strength. A hard horse to ride, is Pegasus. You who are thrown do not venture again to back him; you who ride fairly, may, by care and perseverance, become tolerable good riders. Many thanks, however, for the kindness of all, particularly of those who have made themselves acceptable. We do not like to throw cold water upon the hopes of any one; but if a young gentleman falls in love and goes to writing poetry, (?) in honor and kindness he should be told to desist, and so in honor and kindness should he take it; for at the best it is a but a brain-aching craft to those who thrive honorward, and the muse exacts severe penance from her votaries, which they do by fasting and watching; so, friends, set up no more o' nights, but banish the monster from your brain, and sleep in peace.

We must decline *The Battle*, thinking it somewhat lacking in that spirit which the subject requires. It does not contain a single line that causes the blood to tingle or the cheek to glow. Try again. Others not noticed are respectfully declined.

**NEW WORKS.**—We have before us the *Columbian Magazine*, published by Israel Post, 2 Astor House, and edited by John Inman and Robert West. It contains two fine line engravings—the birthplace of Washington and the desertion of Sergeant Champe, and a beautiful mezzotint of Franklin flying his kite, besides a plate of fashions. The literary matter is, as usual, excellent, and from the pens of some of our most popular and accomplished writers. Make large way for it.

Daniel Adey, 107 Fulton street, has just published the first number of the "Treasury of History, Ancient and Modern," to which will be added a history of the United States by John Inman, Esq. It is to be issued in twelve numbers of 128 pages each, at 25 cents a number. A most excellent work, that should be in the possession of every reader of a book. It will be published once a month till completed.

**THE NEW OPERA HOUSE.**—The last we learned of this to-be-applauded enterprise, we gathered from a paragraph in the *Evening Mirror* and *True Sun*, which stated that a lot of ground had been purchased adjoining Niblo's on which to erect the building. We really hope the project will not fall through; but we do confess our lack of faith for the present. Suppose we (that is, we the public) set ourselves to work and raise a fund to secure the permanency of the legitimate drama in this city, and thereby retain among us some valuable and talented gentlemen and ladies, who otherwise will be compelled to seek a more genial clime? and suppose we raise another fund to supply the poor of the city with fuel and potatoes during the winter months? We particularly confess our want of faith in this latter project! As we have mentioned the *True Sun*, we may as well add at once that we consider it one of the best daily family papers in the country, and are pleased to know that its success is fully equal to its merits. We are nervous whenever we miss it while sipping our morning's dish of Mocha.

**THE ALHAMBRA**—that delightful place where we have sipped many a julep—where, of a sweet summer's evening, we have lingered fondly over many a delicious cream, that melted lovingly upon the palate, has been converted into the most elegant ball room in the country. On entering, you are struck by its Moorish style of architecture and decoration, and are in a manner carried back to the ancient glory of Grenada, and all that is wanting to complete the charm, are the graceful forms and the passionate black eyes of the Moorish maidens. Strangers visiting the city should not omit an opportunity of seeing this unique and beautiful hall of the graces.

Welch's magnificent equestrian company opened at the *Park* on Wednesday evening of this week in grand style. We feel confident, from what we know of Mr. Welch as a gentleman, that his short campaign will be a most prosperous one.

The business at the other theatres has been remarkably good. The *Bowery* and *Chatham* have each something new in preparation, which will bring crowds to their boxes and money to their treasuries.



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W. Dering.

A. L. Dick.

THE BRIDAL WREATH.

